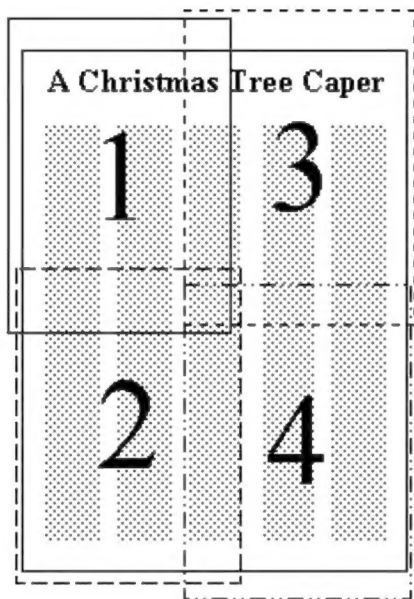


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY



SPRUCE!... TAKE IT EASY, T. LEE. SHE SEEMS SAFE ENOUGH AT THE MOMENT...

... BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S COOKING AT THE BIG HOUSE...



WE WILL REHE READ YOUR LI



MR. CAN'T FIX IT

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

MY UNCLE Jim Shannon is a spry little man in his late 60's with the sparkle of curiosity about things mechanical in his blue eyes. He comes to my farm for a two-week stay every year and it usually takes another two weeks to put together the things he's taken apart.

He has a passion for finding out what makes things tick, but unfortunately his talent for putting them back in ticking order again is sadly lacking.

My wife, Betty, our 12-year-old son and I like him a great deal, but he keeps us in a continual state of apprehension when he reaches for a screw driver and fastens an eye on one of our appliances.

Yesterday morning, over his second cup of breakfast coffee, he stared thoughtfully at the electric wall clock. I thought my wife paled slightly as she followed his glance.

"I think I ought to take a look at that clock," he said reflectively. "Seems to pick up a little time. It's 10 minutes fast."

Betty came quickly to its defense. "I set it that way on purpose," she said, and perhaps truthfully. "I like to have the clock 10 minutes fast."

STOPS WORK ON CLOCK

Reluctantly, Uncle Jim dismissed the fun of disassembling the clock. "You know, Fred," he said, turning to me. "That tractor of yours needs a good tune-up."

"I'll take it to the garage tomorrow," I said hastily.

had me stop and we got out of the car to watch the construction job.

Uncle Jim walked among the giant machines, the huge trucks and steam shovels and the concrete mixers, and in general managed to get in everybody's way. I finally got him away by pointing out that I had work to do back on the farm.

Uncle Jim was silent as we drove. There was a slight smile on his face and I knew what he was thinking he would like to do. I shuddered as I thought of him let loose on one of the big shovels with a monkey wrench.

He came back to thoughts more down to earth as I parked the car in our driveway. "Your carburetor needs adjustment," he said. "Just a second while I get a screwdriver."

I quickly locked the car and took him by the arm. "Maybe later," I said. "Right now let's have another cup of coffee."

We found Betty at the kitchen table dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

She turned tear-filled eyes on us. "This is too much," she said, her voice breaking. "I just looked in the basement. It's scattered all over."

I looked at Uncle Jim and he seemed distinctly uncomfortable. "What's scattered all over?" I asked.

"The washing machine," Betty

ruin something else. Read the paper. Do anything. But don't try to take anything apart."

Uncle Jim's age seemed to show suddenly as he realized that she meant what she said. He went quietly into the living room and sat down in a chair by the window.

In the afternoon I brought Bobby home from school, and when I went to call Uncle Jim for supper I found him still seated there, his hands folded and staring out of the window.

We ate supper in silence and the only time the sad glaze left Uncle Jim's eyes was when the pop-up mechanism of the toaster stuck momentarily. He seemed about to offer to fix it, but when he met Betty's eyes he dropped the idea immediately.

BOBBY, MARION GO FOR WALK

After supper Marvin Edwards, a boy about Bobby's age from the neighboring farm, came over and he and Bobby went out for a walk.

When the chores were done I went back to the house and read the paper in the quiet living room. At 9 o'clock, just as I was beginning to worry why Bobby wasn't home yet, I heard the sound of footsteps running up the driveway.

Marvin burst into the house panting and his face was white. "Bobby's caught in one of the machines!" he shouted. "We were climbing around on them and he slipped and got his leg squeezed down into something. I tried to get him out, but I couldn't, and he's fainted or something."

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"I'll take it to the garage tomorrow," I said hastily.

"Now, Fred," he said. "There's no need to waste money when I can do the job for you."

I was trying to think of a way out when Bobby came into the kitchen with his school books. "Do you suppose you could give me a lift to school today, Dad?"

"Something wrong with your bike?" I asked.

"Today there is," he said gloomily.

Uncle Jim blushed slightly. "Haven't been able to put it back together yet," he said. "Seems to be more to it than I thought."

I got out the car and with Bobby sitting next to me and Uncle Jim in the back seat I started down the gravel country road for the school. After a quarter of a mile, I slowed down for the detour.

Through the rear view mirror I could see Uncle Jim's eyes light up as he watched the road crews building the new highway that would eventually skirt the edge of our farm.

On the return trip, Uncle Jim

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"The washing machine," Betty said, after a sob. "It's ruined. He even took the legs off."

Uncle Jim cleared his throat. "I thought I'd just look at the motor, but then I noticed other things that weren't exactly right. I'll get it together again tomorrow."

Betty's voice rose in anger. "You never put anything back together again. You don't know how."

HE STARTED FOR BASEMENT

"I'm sorry, Betty," he said contritely. "It was a lot more complicated than I thought it would be and I guess I lost a few small parts. I'll see what I can do about it right now." He started for the door to the basement.

Betty rose to her feet. "No. Just leave everything alone. Don't do a thing. I don't want you to touch another piece of machinery in this house. I want you to sit in a corner and not move or you'll

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I was out of my chair in a second and going for the car. Betty and Marvin dashed after me and got into the front seat with me. Uncle Jim just managed to get into the back seat as we started moving.

I was at the construction site in less than half a minute and brought the car to a sliding stop. Carrying a flashlight in my hand, I followed Marvin over the hillocks of raw earth to a shadowy concrete mixer.

We found Bobby wedged tightly among the gears of the huge machine. My heart stopped in my mouth as I saw his limp form and Betty screamed at the whiteness of his face.

I climbed up beside him and examined him quickly. "He's only fainted," I called down to Betty. I felt a tightness in my chest as my flashlight showed Bobby's leg caught and twisted in a maze of gears.

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BRENDA STARR

THE STRANGE PERFUME ON THE MINK STOPS A MAN WHO THINKS BRENDA IS GWEN GAY

GUESS WHO?

PSSST—GREGORY—SHE ISN'T GWEN!!

IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, SIR—A VERY FLATTERING MISTAKE! EVERYONE KNOWS GWEN GAY—!

YOU AND YOUR SNIFFING—REALLY!!

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And then I watched, holding the flashlight, as Uncle Jim, working swiftly and choosing large wrenches worked at the jungle of machinery holding Bobby.

It seemed like an eternity to me, but it must have been less than 10 minutes when Uncle Jim freed Bobby and I lowered him to the ground.

DOCTOR EXAMINES BABY

We took him to Dr. Wallace immediately and sat in the waiting room until the doctor finished his examination.

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★ ★ ★ YOUR ★ ★ ★ STARS TODAY

BY CONSTELLA

The as half of the world thinks the tither daft. Sir Walter Scott.

Daily Guide—Don't be surprised if the day is full of surprises! In these days, when everyone else seems a little off-center and one is not too sure of oneself, there can be a general air of instability sometimes. Today is one of those times.

Be ready to shift your plans on a moment's notice, to adjust to interruptions and to allow for discounting erroneous statements or rumors. Sift the news carefully as it comes to you. There are likely to be fantastic, eccentric and unpredictable trends. I don't see a very stable weekend.

If your birthday falls around the third week of January, April, July or October you need to be especially vigilant not to act on impulse or false reports. If your birthday is around Aug. 10, bring your projects to full realization

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We took him to Dr. Wallace immediately and sat in the waiting room until the doctor finished his examination.

"He'll be all right now," Dr. Wallace said. "There are some rather severe lacerations and of course he's suffering from exposure and shock. But he's a healthy boy and he should be feeling fine in a day or two."

We took Bobby home with us and after a glass of warm milk he went to sleep. Betty, Uncle Jim and I sat in the kitchen drinking coffee and enjoying the sense of relief we felt.

After a while Betty decided to make us some sandwiches and she put bread in the toaster. The pop-up mechanism faltered again and the toast came out half charred.

Uncle Jim reached for the toaster. "If I take this thing apart tonight, I think I could . . ." He hesitated and looked guilty. "I'm sorry," he said. "I forgot."

Betty disconnected the toaster and pushed it toward him. She smiled. "I'll get you a screw driver, Uncle Jim."

THE END.

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Happy Birthday, Aquarius! If you will be patient a little longer, I think you will be rewarded by some changing conditions which will allow you to make the changes you have been wanting to make. This does not mean you can do exactly as you wish because the other fellow is still in the best position for making the demands.

However, if you have been answering the challenge to better your position through new skills and methods, improved relationships can be your reward this summer, and changes can come later to give you a new viewpoint. Marriage and partnerships are emphasized, so learn to cooperate.

Personal Interest

Longview, Tex., Feb. 4 (AP).—Sheriff Noble Crawford's got a personal interest in whoever gave a bank here a \$59 forged check. His name was signed to it.

QUITE ALL RIGHT,
A VERY
ERING MISTAKE!
YONE KNOWS
N GAY-!

YOU AND YOUR
SNIFFING—
REALLY!!

EXTRAORDINARY!
THERE JUST CAN'T
BE TWO MINKS
THAT SMELL
LIKE GWENS!

OUTSIDE, BRENDA FLAGS A CAB—

I'M ON
THE TRAIL
AT LAST!

Dick
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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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